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A CONFERENCE to discuss Chinese questions has been called to meet at Johns Hopkins University September 17-20. It was high time. People in this country are not awake to the significance of the struggle in China. The committee sponsoring this conference is a catholic one; it includes representatives of the banks composing the Chinese consortium, of the British-American Tobacco Company, of the missionaries, of the universities, of the press. We know that the individuals responsible for its organization see the flaming line that divides right from wrong in this Chinese matter. But will the conference express their spirit, or will the international Ph.D.'s with their technicalities and hesitations and meticulous pedantries capture it and deaden it, as they seem to have captured the Institute of Pacific Relations (described by Mr. Hutchinson on page 253) and the Williamstown Institute?

ONE OF THE GREATEST STRIKES IN HISTORY is fighting its inchoate way to victory in China. A London dispatch to the New York *Times* estimates the losses to British firms in Hongkong at *billions* of pounds sterling; the Associated Press puts the *daily* losses at "several hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling." At Shanghai the Japanese employers of 50,000 Chinese workmen have virtually surrendered, granting recognition of the union, financial aid to needy strikers, disarming of the foremen, and $5,000 reparation to injured strikers and their families. This Japanese strike lies at the root of the trouble with the British, but while the Japanese have yielded the British remain rock-faced. The students whom the British police slaughtered on May 30 were protesting against the shooting of a single workman in the Japanese strike, and the nation-wide demand for abrogation of the special privileges enjoyed by foreigners in China had its immediate origin in that conflict. The Chinese are right in blaming the British today; no other nation has been so stiffly arrogant. It was the British Foreign Office which forbade publication of the results of the diplomatic investigation inculpating British officials for the Shanghai murders; it is British diplomacy which has hamstrung every effort of the Washington Government to take effective steps for the relief of China since this trouble broke into flames. No wonder the Chinese boycott British goods; no wonder the dockmen refuse to unload British vessels and that the Canton Government refuses to accept goods transshipped in British Hongkong.

BRITISH MERCHANTS IN CHINA are reported to be urging their Government to intervene effectively—they mean with military force—to stop this wicked injury to British business. It is, they say, a violation of their treaty-guaranteed equal position. The Chinese, these merchants say, understand only force; any concession will be regarded as a weakness. That is the old, old story which has led the colonial powers into so many disasters. The French in China seem to know better, as a story from Shanghai illustrates. Shanghai is, administratively, three cities: the International Concession, ruled mainly by the British; the French Concession; and the native city. When July 4 came this year—Empire Day for the British and Independence Day for the Americans—the Anglo-Saxons, fearing the native agitation, omitted their usual celebrations. Bastille Day followed on July 14. The Anglo-Saxons were alarmed when they heard that the French intended no such precautions. They packed their half of the Avenue Edouard VII, which is the boundary between the two concessions, with armed and uniformed police and volunteers. When a torchlight Chinese parade filed up the French half of the street, not a French policeman was in sight. But there was no outbreak of any kind. Naturally the French are more popular in Shanghai than the British, and more so than the Americans, whose gunboats still command the river-front.

NEW YORK CITY, on a recent Sunday, saw, unheeding, one of those nationalist meetings which make it so fascinating a microcosm of the peoples of the earth and their interests. This time it was a Chinese meeting in the Chinese Theater, formerly the Teatro Caruso—a big and very bad picture of Caruso frescoed on the wall of the lobby mingling oddly with Chinese signs and gay banners. The meeting was called under the auspices of the National Party—followers of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen—to listen to the report of a committee appointed to raise and distribute funds for the Chinese strikers. The little Chinese community, it appeared, had raised $62,000 in American money. The student reporting for the committee explained in detail how it was raised and how it was spent. Other students distributed a forty-eight-page magazine. They had run off 5,000

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copies on a mimeograph, having first cut the Chinese characters on a stencil by hand. The audience listened courteously to a speech in English by Provost Edmunds of Johns Hopkins University, formerly president of Canton Christian College. Dr. Edmunds spoke as a friend of China, personally known to many of the students in the audience. He was frank in criticizing the foreign powers, but earnestly advised China to go slow in abolishing extraterritoriality. His audience listened courteously but unsympathetically. No section of Chinese opinion can now be satisfied by such a program of gradual reform. The massacre at Shanghai has made it too late. As Thomas F. Millard, a veteran student of China, put it in the New York *Times:* "If I read the international and Chinese political signs aright, rendition of every kind of foreign territorial political position and special privilege cannot be postponed more than a few years."

THE BELGIAN DEBT AGREEMENT, as we said last week in an editorial written before the terms of the settlement were announced, constitutes a new policy with regard to our European government debtors. It is an abandonment of our precious contention that the debts must be paid in full, with interest, in favor of a willingness to settle these obligations according to "capacity to pay." Interest on the pre-armistice debt of $171,780,000 has been renounced, and the principal is to be paid in instalments extending over sixty-two years. The post-armistice debt of $246,000,000 is also to be liquidated in sixty-two years. Interest is called for on this, but it will be nominal for the first ten years and after that 3½ per cent, amounting in all to $310,050,500. Assuming that the agreement will be carried out in its entirety as now written, and considering the industrial and financial conditions of Belgium, the United States has put the screws on hard. On the other hand, the actual payments that Belgium will be called upon to make for the first few years are small. For the first year, for instance, only $3,840,000 is called for, which is a little less than 1 per cent on the total principal of $417,780,000—an amount upon which we ourselves are paying nearly 4¼ per cent.

THE WORST ASPECT of the agreement is that it is contrived—and purposely—with a view to deceiving the public in both Belgium and the United States. Our Debt Commission has avoided making a clear analysis of the arrangement for home consumption, having deluged the public instead with a mass of statistics intended to convey the impression that Belgium is paying virtually in full. This is done because our public has been misled in regard to the finances of European countries; it is demanding its pound of flesh from nations that cannot afford to pay it. What is more, as Pierrepont B. Noyes, formerly American Commissioner in the Rhineland, recently said, we cannot afford to make them try to pay it. The Republican Administration, having been largely responsible for the wrong attitude of the public in regard to European debts, now thinks it necessary—in order that Washington may save its face—to delude the people further in regard to the settlement. In Belgium the situation is apparently as bad. There the people are opposed to laying any considerable burden upon themselves in order to repay a debt for which they think they should not be held responsible. The demand for a settlement comes from bankers and business men who accept the virtual fiat of the American Government that no private loans are to be granted by our financial institutions in countries which have not arranged to pay their public debt to the United States. Thus in Belgium the Government is trying to persuade the people that they are getting off almost scot-free, while in America the Administration is endeavoring to make the public think that it is collecting virtually in full. Neither is true. Such deception is harmful all around.

ONE REMARKABLE FEATURE of the case is the calm acceptance by the public on both sides of the water of this avowed and intimate alliance between Wall Street and Uncle Sam. It works both ways: The bankers refuse to lend money at all until a bargain is closed with the Washington Administration, and Washington agrees to accept low interest in order to make it possible for the bankers to lend at high rates. In any case the bankers gain and the taxpayers lose. The procedure reminds one of the scandalous treatment of the Russian debts in the closing days of the Wilson Administration. The Treasury, upon the insistence of the State Department, authorized payment, out of funds under its control, of interest on the loan made to the Czar's Government by a Wall Street syndicate, while making no effort whatever to collect interest on the debt owing to our Government.

DETROIT'S MUNICIPALLY OWNED street railways have been the subject lately of some widely circulated newspaper articles indicating that the city enterprise is losing money, that it has a deficit of more than $3,000,000, and that the bond issue of $5,000,000, which was voted in 1923, has been largely exhausted. Believing these statements to be the propaganda of private interests desirous of holding their monopoly in the utilities field, the Public Ownership League of America wrote to Edward W. Bemis, Professor Henry E. Riggs, of the University of Michigan, and others for data. After receiving this information the league announces that the auditor for the street-railway lines now admits that there is no deficit and that the system is making money; the net earnings for May, the last month for which the finances have been analyzed, were $61,285.71. Instead of selling $3,500,000 worth of the authorized bonds, the railway invested surplus earnings in extensions and improvements. If the remainder of the authorized bond issue were sold, it would be enough to pay off the $2,571,286.28 in short-term loans, while still leaving nearly $1,000,000 for claims that may be successfully prosecuted against the railway.

MORRIS SIGMAN, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, says that the opposition forces in the organization are Communists taking orders from Moscow, bent upon destroying the union. The opposition say that they are for the most part not Communists but are members of the rank and file bent upon democratizing and saving the union. The other day, in open defiance of their international officers, some 12,000 protestants walked out of their shops in New York City on a two-hour recess and gathered in mass meetings to denounce the "Sigman machine." When Mr. Sigman minimizes such mass protests or ascribes them to the influence of a few agitators he falls into the same error as do those persons who attribute the Chinese strikes to the machina-

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tions of Moscow. At most agitators take advantage of a state of discontent which any wise leader should himself recognize and deal with. Morris Sigman is a decent, honest labor leader flanked on one side by a ruthless machine and a rigid, undemocratic system of government, and on the other by a large, ably led rebellion. If he is as eager as he says he is to overthrow the abuses in the union, he should long ago have attempted to use this opposition in his fight against the machine; many a statesman has allowed himself to be pushed where he could not have dared to move alone. But Sigman chose the weaker course. He talked of reform; and ousted from office men who were fighting for it. Their tactics may have been disruptive and some of their aims unwise; but nothing could have been lost by using them as a club against reactionary office-holders.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE NAME of Huebsch from the list of American publishers is cause for regret among those who during the past ten years have enjoyed the spectacle presented by half a dozen young houses which more or less made over the book business in New York. Mr. Huebsch is by no means out of the game, since he has merged with the Viking Press and presumably will carry on under a new roof. But in the world of publishing names have more than a perfunctory importance, and the name of Huebsch was in every way a good one. Not many books issued from the firm during its comparatively brief existence, but they were usually distinguished; and the impression was current—and justified—that Mr. Huebsch himself, a man of taste and literary intelligence, had personally approved them. If the firm had done nothing more than publish the *Freeman*, create Sherwood Anderson, and translate Hauptmann it would have done enough. It did more in that it came to stand for methods and ideals which were anything but commercial, to perpetuate a type of publishing all too rare in any age. There is every reason why the Viking Press should be congratulated upon its new partner.

VICTOR F. LAWSON, who has just died in Chicago in his seventy-fifth year, was a genuine newspaperman—and in the widest sense of the word. He was not a politician who owned a newspaper to further his public career or a business man who ran one merely to make money. Neither was he limited either to the editorial or the business side of journalism. He had his first lessons on a newspaper which his father owned, and in 1876 became with Melville E. Stone (later head of the Associated Press) joint owner of the Chicago *Daily News*, the first successful one-cent paper in the Middle West. One difficulty in selling such a paper at the time was a lack of pennies, a handicap which Mr. Lawson overcame by importing a carload of them. Eventually Mr. Lawson bought out Mr. Stone, and by hard work and high ideals made of the *Daily News* one of the great newspapers of the country, almost the greatest in the evening field today. In addition to close attention to local and national affairs, the *Daily News* has developed a foreign service hardly surpassed in this country. A morning edition was started a good many years ago, known as the Chicago *Record*. It was an excellent journal, but Mr. Lawson decided that a man could not direct both a morning and an evening newspaper without favoring one or the other. So he sold the *Record* in order to concentrate on the *Daily News*. Munseys and Hearsts buy and sell newspapers for profit or politics. Mr. Lawson was a newspaperman.

Can Brides Cook?

CAN brides cook? The United Restaurant Owners' Association of New York puts the question gravely, then proceeds to answer it—as if it were announcing an important discovery—in the negative. The association has been conducting a competition to obtain the best home recipes for various American dishes; no contestant born later than 1900, and no bride of a year or less standing, reached even the semi-finals.

Can brides cook? Of course they can't. No one in the least familiar with cookery—or brides—needs any demonstration on that point. Fifty per cent of our American humor is based on this simple and indisputable fact. We can recall scarcely a woman under forty who is a tip-top, all-around cook, although many show budding genius and occasional bursts of genuine achievement before then. In fact, few women fairly get into their stride as cooks before they are fifty, and they don't reach their ultimate excellence until sixty years or more of accumulated experience has taught their palates and trained their hands and ripened their knowledge—until, in short, they reach the grandmother class.

How could it be otherwise? Art is long. Supreme genius sometimes flowers early, but generally fulness of skill and saturation of knowledge come only after laborious years. And if that be true of art in general, how much more must it be true of cooking—the art preeminent, the art beyond art, the art which reveals (not conceals) art, the art which makes women goddesses and men gluttons. Cooks, like wine, acquire mellowness, character, and quality by the processes of the years. Besides, cooking is a labor of love. When people tell you how hard it is to hire a good cook, they speak truer than they know. It isn't simply hard; it's impossible. Good cooks don't work for wages. If anyone is so blessed as to acquire—and retain—a good cook, it's because that cook loves cooking and hasn't any better outlet. Good cooking requires a human objective. There must be somebody to cook *for*. The United Restaurant Owners' Association says that 35 per cent of its competitors confessed that they learned to cook after they were married. That means that 65 per cent of them either can't cook—despite their assumptions—or can't tell the truth. The dutiful daughter may prepare a tempting salad for father; the affectionate sister may bake a sumptuous cake for brother; but it is not until she has cooked for a tired husband, for sick children, for ravenous boys, for expectant guests that she becomes a master of the art—what the French call a *cordon bleu*.

And that's why brides can't cook. It isn't the fault of the much-abused younger generation. No younger generation has ever known how to cook. Grandmother's fond illusion that at twenty she was an excellent cook, so much better than granddaughter Peggy or Dorothy or Katherine, is mostly a—well, a fond illusion. Leave it to her; she has few enough others.

But brides, although not yet cooks, are on their way, and, praise be to heaven, many arrive. If not, they are likely to become widows, grass or otherwise. Worse still, they may have to submit their digestions to the far from tender mercies of the United Restaurant Owners.

Can brides cook? Ask Dad; he knows—though maybe he doesn't dare tell.

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Facing Our World

RAMSAY MACDONALD voiced in the last issue of *The Nation* the fears aroused in moderate British Labor leaders by Mr. Baldwin's capitulation in the face of a threatened general strike. "The mishandling of the Government," he says, "handed over the honors of war to those who may be inclined to toy with revolution. . . . We have peace in the coal-fields for the time being, but the difficulties of trying to convince an impatient and hard-pressed people of the wisdom of democratic methods have been sadly increased."

We honor the former Labor Prime Minister for his scruples; but we think he overdoes his doubts. A wistful odor of eighteenth-century political philosophy seems to pervade his fear for constitutionalism. It is not simply that this is a pragmatic age, paying scant attention to moral principles which do not obviously work to moral ends; it is also an age which, while still worshiping traditionally in the church of political democracy, has transformed its gospel. Men who are shocked at expressed doubts of the efficacy of democracy nevertheless express in action their complete if unconscious lack of faith. The long struggle for political enfranchisement has been won; but its fruits seem meager. Economic and financial forces somehow manage to determine the course of history despite the best efforts of the people at the polls.

What is the "will of the people" in a world of newspapers owned by millionaire capitalists? What is the people's will in a country where a few bankers and a few employers can spread the alarm that if X is elected business will be bad, factories will close, and the workers go without jobs? Again and again economic forces intrude their powerful fingers and defeat or direct this "popular will" upon which we once so trustingly relied. Usually the intrusion passes unnoticed; sometimes—particularly when Labor happens to be the economic force—it is observed and resented. That was the case when the railroad unions forced the passage of the Adamson law in our own country; that was the case the other day when the trade unions of England, by their threat of a general strike, forced a Conservative Government to take radical action.

More and more the geographic basis of our political system has proved itself inadequate to express the deepest-felt interests of the people. They have resorted to such means as are available. As economic interests are more important to them than geographic they have grouped themselves—without the slightest thought of its effect upon constitutionalism—in economic organizations: chambers of commerce, associations of sugar refiners, railroads, dye manufacturers, publishers, water-power interests, coal producers, shoe manufacturers. These, sometimes illegitimately, as often legitimately, have maintained their agents—their lobbyists—in Washington and London, in the national and State capitals. The producing classes—the laborers and farmers—have been last to do this and have often worked clumsily. But they are increasingly using their one weapon—organized economic power—to fill in the gaps left by political democracy. And in so doing they are vaguely aware that they are following a path well marked by the feet of capital.

It may be that constitutional historians will look back upon the growing importance of economic and professsional organizations and the parallel decline of parliamentarism as the most significant development of our era. Here and there it is already reflected in the political structure. The Soviet system, of course, is frankly based upon occupational representation; and the *Reichswirtschaftsrat,* or industrial parliament, which has a somewhat ambiguous place in Germany's post-revolutionary structure, is an attempt to find a place for economic representation without upsetting the traditional political organization. Conservative business men in France urge an upper house of parliament in which the industries would have direct representation. In the United States William S. U'Ren has urged such a scheme.

We are, in fact, discovering that under the reign of capital political democracy, unless it can provide direct expression of the economic groupings which the age has forced upon us, is futile. Power eludes the people under our present system, and we are still groping to find the most effective method of expressing the new age. Some anxiously scan the sky, fearful of signs of revolution; others begin to realize that while the old forms subsist intact a revolutionary shift of power has taken place without our knowing it—and the avowed revolutionaries have had nothing to do with it. Men have mastered coal and iron, diverted the waterfalls, harnessed the unseen currents of the air, but the industries they have created have mastered them. The kings who control finance, and through it industry, are more powerful than any king, premier, or president of a mere political state, and in their realm democracy is still a revolutionary word.

In this country the ruling school of politicians admits defeat and crassly proclaims an era of free play for the industrial barons. When labor cares to defy these powers, as in the British coal crisis, the political state must needs totter, so weak is it compared with these new forces. A vast task, calling for economic even more than political statesmanship, lies ahead of us, and the world needs for it statesmen of new proportions, combining the cool audacity of Stanley Baldwin in facing an immediate fact with the long vision for which Ramsay MacDonald has been noted.

Literary Delusions

THE world at large entertains as many false notions concerning the poet or the novelist as it does concerning the business man, the lawyer, or the soldier. To the world at large there is such a thing, for instance, as a business man—a man who is peculiarly that and nothing else. He sits at a certain kind of desk, his head is filled exclusively with certain kinds of ideas, and there are certain kinds of error which it is automatically impossible for him to commit. Now any intelligent and honest man who happens to concern himself with business knows that it is only part of him which does so, that he is by no means infallible as a forecaster of economic events, that he is not in any case John Doe. Likewise a lawyer who is not a victim of the perennial romance about his profession recognizes that he exists somewhere outside of the picture—that there are times when he, like any mortal man, is helpless before a problem. The soldier is not invariably brave, or cowardly, or fickle, or homesick, or ignorant, or erect. And a poet or a novelist is not always inspired.

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Indeed, a first-rate man of letters is likely to deny that he was ever, so far as he can remember, definitely inspired. He wishes that he might have been, and he may wish that he were now; but the whole process of writing is for him somehow confused. There are the ideas, the images, the themes which come to him suddenly out of nowhere—by inspiration, if one likes. But there are also the hours spent in laborious search for similar treasures—hours, perhaps, rewarded in the end by something richer than anything which ever arrived by chance. He probably ceased long ago to wait for inspiration; having learned that the stuff of an artist is in him, he is willing to dig for it, and he is never fearful lest the effort be destructive of frail, hidden things. The stuff of art is not frail, even though it be hidden so deep that it is found only by the greatest luck and persistence. So the writer marches to his desk every morning at a congenial hour, whether he feels fit or not.

He both controls his sources, then, and does not control them. The lay notion that they control him is as far from the simple truth as the contrary notion—often cherished in the same mind—that he advances in the precise path that his will and his character have chosen. He may be proud enough of the virtue involved in his pertinacity, in his capacity for punishment; he is not so sure that an artistic triumph is a triumph of moral character. The layman will suppose, for instance, that an author always means what he says in his books. Sincerity, by this token, is an attribute of genius—and the unwary reviewer will burden any writer whom he likes with the one virtue which that writer has never clearly experienced. For sincerity is a deadly virtue, as Oscar Wilde implied when he remarked that all bad poetry springs from genuine emotion. The singer or the story-teller will insist that his problem has been not to mean what he says but to say what he means. He begins, of course, with something which he thinks he wants to say; only fools begin with nothing at all. But almost invariably, if he is a hunter trained to follow the fox wherever it may speed, he finds himself turning suddenly in the middle of the woods and darting after an entirely fresh scent. It is as undesirable as it is impossible to be doggedly faithful to a program conceived in cold blood. And though the product—the poem or the tale—may appear to be something that was planned as an expression of its maker's inmost soul (indeed, too, it may be that), it was as likely as not a revelation to the person who smiled and put his name to it. He has not said what he meant; he has said something better.

So far as he is aware he may not believe it at all. Psychology is saying just now that his lack of awareness is immaterial, that his deepest self does believe it. And such is doubtless the situation. But there is an equal amount of at least poetic truth in the old dictum that poets are liars. The particular glow of satisfaction which comes over an artist who has happily completed a piece arises in his own conscious mind, it would seem, from a conviction that he has delivered a good lie. If to readers it be truth, so much the better—or worse—for them. To him, if he is a poet, the effect achieved will be worlds away from what he had intended; the rhymes will sing a weirdly unexpected song. If he is a novelist, he will reflect—only too vainly perhaps—upon the manner in which the original of his hero grew into this wayward stranger as he went. How will it be in the next book? He guesses; he does not know.

Sir Adam Beck and His Job

SIR ADAM BECK is dead. Canada, to quote the Toronto *Globe*, has lost "the greatest constructive mind in the public life of the country." The world has lost a most versatile and successful advocate, builder, and administrator of a publicly owned superpower system in any nation.

Sir Adam Beck's life story was, in part, the life story of dozens of successful self-made men. But with this difference. He used his extraordinary executive ability not primarily to build up his personal fortune or to obtain paternalistic control over his fellows but to create effective machinery for the public ownership and operation of an immense utility. The head of the commission which built the greatest hydro-electric power plant in the world and organized a system of distribution in which 386 local governments were partners with the Province of Ontario was not an engineer but a manufacturer, originally in a small way, of wood-veneer and cigar boxes. The brilliant and slashing advocate of public ownership, the target of incessant attacks by private power interests, was not a labor man or a socialist but for years sat in the provincial parliament as a Conservative. The master of a complex administrative enterprise was to the end of his days an enthusiastic sportsman, famous on two continents for the horses which he exhibited.

The great interest which made Sir Adam Beck's life of significance to the whole world began in 1903. As a manufacturer in London, Ontario, he became convinced that the industrial development of his province was jeopardized by its dependence upon coal from the United States, where production was often tied up by great strikes. Hydro-electric power was the obvious substitute, and observation and experience soon persuaded him that it could not be left with safety to the control of private capitalists—British, Canadian, and American. In two decades he succeeded in harnessing Niagara for the service of the Province, and brought power not merely to manufacturing plants and city dwellers but to farmers and housewives in rural districts.

Necessity made Sir Adam not merely a brilliant executive but an extraordinarily able controversialist. One of his last acts was a crushing reply to the attack on the Ontario system sponsored by our Smithsonian Institution. The American press, which had given much space to the attack, was almost wholly silent concerning the reply.

One of the best tributes to the success of Sir Adam Beck's work was unconsciously given by Arthur Williams, vice-president of the New York Edison Company. In a recent discussion he sought, not very successfully, to prove the superiority of private ownership of superpower to the Canadian plan. He gave away his own case, however, when he admitted: "Sir Adam Beck and his associates—I entertain great respect for them all—have done a fine piece of work in Canada. *Apparently the government had to do it because no one could persuade the owners of private money up there to take the same risk.*" [Italics ours.] Well, the government took the risk and won out. We do not believe that Sir Adam Beck's death will change victory into defeat. The tradition of public service which he helped to establish is too firmly founded in the political consciousness of his fellow-citizens. The finest tribute Ontario can pay to Sir Adam Beck will be to carry on.

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Behind This Prohibition

By LEONARD CLINE

WE were a group of some fifteen, one noon five years ago in one of the great cities of the Middle West, at an exclusive suburban club for luncheon. One of us was a woman, Miss Simpson, an angular spinster of much local political importance; and one of us, our host, was the Mayor—a most genial, lovable big fellow with a frank smile and a handshake that gave you his whole city. We stood together, fourteen men and a woman, just outside the dining-room, and thither a waiter brought us a tray containing fifteen glasses, filled.

I am not a prohibitionist. To me a highball on occasion is a delectable thing; and these glasses were irresistible. I glanced at the countenances of my companions and I perceived that they, too, were melting with smiles; and my spirit went out to those good fellows. The Mayor raised his glass. So did we all—except the woman.

"But . . . Mister Mayor," she faltered, "I trust that there . . . there isn't anything in this?"

Never in my life have I seen a public official so magnificently rise to the occasion. With a glance he absolved Miss Simpson. His bow broke her heart, his thoughtful shake of the head laid her most clinging doubt, his gesture was pontifical. "My dear Miss Simpson," he said, "I am the Mayor of Blank. Do you think that I would permit any such violation of the law in my presence?"

A moment's hush, and then the Mayor once more raised his glass. So did we all, and so at last did Miss Simpson. And we drank that highball down right there, three good fingers of excellent bourbon with enough ginger ale to temper the tang; and we went contentedly in to lunch, where we were served grapefruit sweetened with sherry, and where from time to time we would find newly filled glasses at our elbows. It was a delightful collation. Only one thing tended to disturb us. Miss Simpson's apologies to the Mayor became a little obstreperous by the time we reached the camembert.

In the course of a decade as a newspaper man I have associated on convivial occasions with one or two governors, a half dozen United States senators, with mayors, congressmen, police chiefs and sheriffs, army and navy officers; not an extraordinary list, but one rather outside the experience of the ordinary private citizen. And so when an official comes out in the press with a declaration regarding the drought in his own bailiwick I think of a hundred occasions when the very custodians of the public weal themselves have teetered bibulously to a coma even as I watched them.

The most recent declaration of the sort is ascribed to Police Commissioner Enright in a dispatch from Halifax, Nova Scotia. "Open selling of liquor in restaurants and hotels is a thing of the past," Commissioner Enright told the good Nova Scotians. "Only one saloon is in operation now where a thousand used to flourish. . . . There are fewer open violations in New York than in other cities of the United States."

This, we may assume, was accepted by Mr. Enright's auditors at Halifax as an official statement from a man who knew more about illicit liquor traffic in New York than any mere person of the streets. The prohibitionists in Canada will take comfort from Mr. Enright's words and redouble their efforts to bring about in their own province the utopian condition of affairs he describes. And yet if one were to start from Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street at six o'clock any evening, one could go north or south or east or west and sniff a highball in fifteen minutes.

It is not my intention to ascribe to Mr. Enright any deliberate misstatement of things. I have absolutely no evidence upon which any such charge could be made. But when he proclaims New York as dry as that he shows an ignorance of things quite amazing in one whose business it is to know. There are, in fact, numerous hotels where a nod to a waiter will profit a man, and I have yet to stay at any hotel, in New York or elsewhere, where the bell-boys are as ignorant as is Mr. Enright. Nine taxi-drivers out of ten can, if properly solicited, take one around an adjacent corner to rum. And it is easier now, in almost any city, to get a drink between midnight and dawn than it used to be before the Volstead Act.

Most police chiefs whom I have met are more in touch with the actual situation than is Mr. Enright; indeed, in a strange town one often has recourse to policemen or sheriff to lead one to a good bar. I have seen, in an open saloon in Detroit, seven policemen at once drinking together. There were five of them, in full uniform, one evening in a St. Louis saloon; and I have seen in open saloons in New York any number of policemen whose familiarity with the situation seems to be far in advance of their chief's.

And sheriffs! Across my memory staggers a round dozen of them, winking and furtive, and I follow them into the jail and there am offered anything from bourbon to Virginia corn whiskey. There is, for instance, Sheriff Weems, who probably still holds office—and a very effective sheriff he is, to be sure—in a populous county of an Atlantic coast State. Into Weems's shrievalty I went one time to investigate for my newspaper the condition in respect to rum. I arrived at the county seat at ten o'clock, dropped my bag at the hotel, and hurried to the jail. Mrs. Weems invited me to step into the parlor.

A minute later Weems entered. He was all cordiality. He pumped my hand for a brief minute and dragged me away with him, without giving me a chance to say who I was and what I wanted. A company of four or five cronies, including the star pitcher of the local ball team, was seated around the dining-room table, hot in a discussion of their town's chance for the pennant. Eager not to miss this absorbing dispute the Sheriff pulled a chair to the table for me and silenced me with a tall glass such as the others were cherishing—a concoction of corn whiskey, soda, sugar, and lemon juice. Presently the conversation lagged for a moment and the Sheriff turned to me.

"Well, now, young feller," he said, "what can I do for you? Who did you say you was?"

"Why," I replied, "I'm from the *Sun*, and I'm down here to investigate the liquor situation."

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Poor Weems! He looked like Belgium invaded. Dismay rocked the cathedrals of the Weemsian soul. I hastened to assure him. I was merely seeking information. Doubtless he could help me no little. He did. He gave me an exhaustive survey of the situation. At two o'clock in the morning, pocketing my notes, I accompanied Sheriff Weems to the basement of the jail, where, barrel on barrel, reposed his private stock.

"There!" he declared, with an eloquent gesture. "Try anythin' y'wanna. Pro'bishun? Sure, I'll tell ya all y'wanna know about pro'bishun. Yer a good fella. Try anythin' y'wanna."

In recounting these memoirs of American officialdom under prohibition I am taking pains to disguise names and places. I have even lied. I have glossed over much, for we Americans are pained by unvarnished reality. The actual episodes here recorded were certainly more ribald than my accounts of them. Indeed, it would be quite impossible for me to tell all that led up to that dinner at which Judge Lipke of the Superior Court, a man whose augustness on the bench had long since given him an exalted position in the local uplift movement, was our merriest spirit. It was proposed, however, when all flasks had been emptied, that we drive to a roadhouse to replenish them. We started in two cars, one of them Judge Lipke's, with himself at the wheel. Beside him sat a well-known criminal lawyer. In the rear were myself and a tradesman.

Who drove the other car I cannot now recall, but he paid little attention to us following him, and, when we stopped one time for cigarettes, disappeared up the avenue. Judge Lipke was feeling extraordinarily released that night. Light-heartedly he vowed he would overtake the other car or die in the attempt. He stepped on her.

"Aw, Judge!" gasped the tradesman at my side. His cry was lost in the roar of the motor. I likewise raised my voice in dismal foreboding. Judge Lipke turned to gaze derisively upon us, while the car swerved giddily from side to side of the road. "Whatsa matter with you guys?" said Judge Lipke. "Listen, I never had an accident in my life. Jest watch me!" He turned to the lawyer. "Let's play we're on the Indianapolis Speedway," he suggested. "You be mechanician."

Terror relaxed its clutch on my heart. It was all over and I knew it. I indulged my last moments in the delightful spectacle of Judge Lipke of the Superior Court playing Indianapolis Speedway on an unfrequented mud road, unlighted and with no warning signals for the tourist, across a section of Middle Western prairie. At last it happened. The speedway came to an abrupt end in another road cutting it at right angles. There was no hope of making the turn. Judge Lipke didn't try. He braced his legs against the brakes, gripped the wheel tight, shut his eyes, and plunged straight ahead. We took a six-foot ditch on the fly, plowed ten yards through underbrush, and came to a stop—what there was left of Judge Lipke's car—in another trench.

Judge Lipke leaned forward and put his face through the windshield, suffering some rather severe cuts. His friend the attorney sprang out of his seat and filliped sprawling through the night like a minor Orion, landing in a clump of bushes. The tradesman and myself found ourselves in the front seat. It was the tradesman who woke me. "Aw, Judge!" he was moaning. "Aw, Judge!"

If my memory does not betray me there were two judges of the higher courts present on another rollicking night in the office of Mayor Kahn, in one of our great cities. Mayor Kahn used to keep his official supply of liquor in a vault along with many of the city records, and thither he would repair with visiting dignitaries for furtive refreshment. A little group of statesmen would huddle together in the gloom of that vault, lit by one electric bulb hanging from a lofty ceiling, to swig their rye stealthily from paper cups. It was an illuminating commentary on democratic government under prohibition.

On the evening in question Governor Boggs was a distinguished guest, a number of other eminent Republicans assembled, and Mayor Kahn became reckless. He brought the bottles into the mayoral suite and the night grew Roman. Never shall I forget Governor Boggs and a callow newspaper man dancing round and round in each other's arms, until the latter stumbled over a cuspidor and both went to the floor. There were two judges of the higher courts among the most enthusiastic spectators of Governor Boggs's frolic that night.

No, these are not exceptional incidents. They are selected, of course, because they seemed to have certain amusing qualities that lend themselves to brief recital; but they are selected from a long sequence of memories. As a newspaperman I have had drinks thrust on me in official buildings at Washington; federal, State, county, and municipal functionaries have brandished their bottles at me; I have even been offered Scotch in the studies of clergymen. And as often as I read some statement regarding the effectiveness of prohibition enforcement in the United States I think of this procession of potvaliant officials and leaders of moral opinion which reels hilariously across my memory. I think of Mayor Blank contributing to the delinquency of the sexagenarian spinster Miss Simpson, or of haughty Judge Lipke playing Indianapolis Speedway on an unlighted mud road, or of august Governor Boggs dancing with the drunken reporter. One might be sad over such a spectacle, if it were not such a monstrous burlesque.

Masquerade

By HELENE MULLINS

Because her hair, like somber curtains, swung
Against her smooth pale cheeks; because her eyes,
Like tired flowers, drooped beneath the wise
And melancholy phrases of his tongue;
Because she stood before him like a proud
And insolent young tree no storm might bend,
He loved her, and he called himself her friend,
And where he went, his praise of her was loud.

She was a mystery, with her swinging hair,
Her tired eyes, and her soft insolence;
He did not realize the diffidence
With which she wore the mask that made her fair,
And how she dreaded the approaching hour
When masks must be removed, and he would see
The squalor of her spirit's poverty,
And pass her by like any faded flower.

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Krim Faces Europe

By M. M. KNIGHT

Fez, August 1

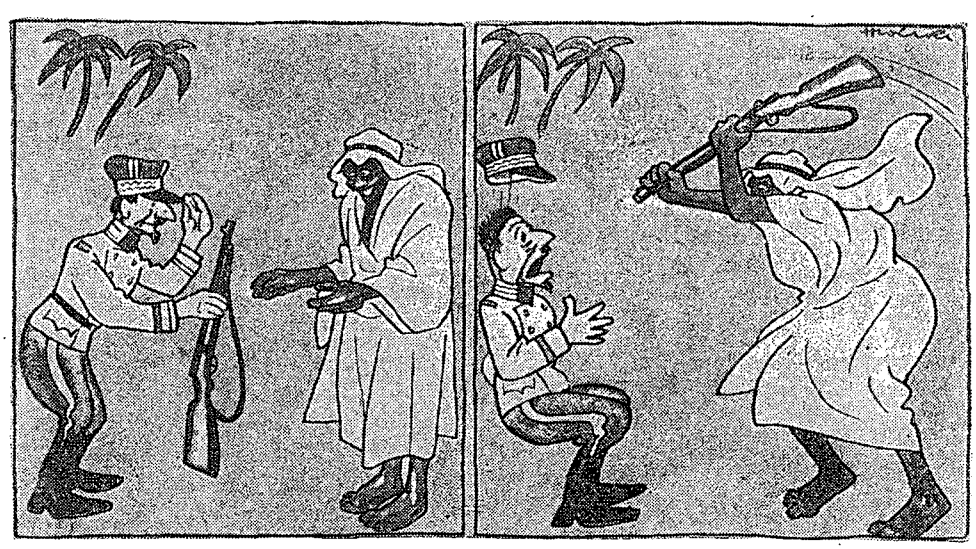
BACK of the indescribable fury of the present contest in northern Morocco are two main sets of rationalizations. Each is perfectly logical in itself. Reasoned out separately, each cause is perfectly "just." Yet in the actual situation there are innumerable facts which cannot be harmonized with either.

To the French press in Morocco Abd-el-Krim is a rebel against the ineffable majesty of the Sultan. "Peace?" exclaims one front-page insert in *La Presse Marocaine*. "It can be brought about only by the submission of Abd-el-Krim to the Sultan of Morocco!" In a recent issue of *Le Nord Marocain*, Deputy Leon Barety explains at length how completely within their rights the French were in occupying the Ouergha Valley. The treaties of 1904 and 1912 left the boundary between the respective zones of France and Spain rather vague, but France reserved the right to "pacify" the tribes between the bend of the river and the Ouezzan country. Considering the richness of the region, sometimes called "the granary of Fez," it seems strange to Deputy Barety that it was not occupied sooner. This omission was corrected in three weeks during the spring of 1924. To be sure, it was foreseen that the Riffians might object. "It is said," admits the Deputy, "that a natural law pushes the Riffians toward this region, their mountains being richer in minerals than in cereals." Yet the responsibility for the war which followed the occupation does not rest with France, he asserts in a final emphatic statement. France was "called by the tribes" into this valley, "as fertile as it is beautiful."

The logic of all this is clear to a patriotic member of the French economic vanguard in Morocco. France has acted within her treaty rights and supported the "sovereignty" of His Majesty the Sultan; her armed forces have "delivered the weak from a long oppression and brought nothing but blessings." There can be no doubt about the blessings in the mind of Deputy Barety's average reader. Is it not the privilege of any Arab with thirty francs to ride from Rabat to Fez in a limousine bus? Any thinking person can see that buses are quicker, and therefore better, than camels and donkeys. Since there were no such modern conveniences before the French came, it is plain without further argument that there would not have been any had the French stayed away. Given French parentage and a supple mind I might be unable to separate the fact of my sitting here in safety (as far as I know) under an electric light, with a fountain splashing among the potted palms in the tiled courtyard just beyond my window, from the complete machinery of the Protectorate as it actually exists.

Abd-el-Krim is not entirely skeptical about these material blessings. Certainly he is not blind to the penetrating force of our economic order. For instance, he uses French-made cannon, captured from the Spaniards, to knock down blockhouses which might otherwise stand indefinitely. Some features of our system he knows to be inevitable, and he is too shrewd a man, too well educated in the European sense, to oppose them. Being a Moslem and a Moroccan, however, he dislikes to take his French civilization straight. The idea of a Sultan who is only a glove on a foreign and infidel hand infuriates him.

Be it remembered that the mountain tribes of the Riff and the Atlas have never known "sovereignty" of the sort they now feel creeping upon them. They were never really Romanized. The Vandals only skirted the edges of their country, on their way to richer and riper prizes further east. So it was with the Arabs, moving in the opposite direction. The Sultans of Morocco, even in the great days of the empire, governed these tribes only in a nominal way. The Portuguese and Spanish were too busy making their fortunes overseas to do more than hold a few ports along the Moroccan coast. England had to give up Tangier in 1684, having held it less than a quarter of a century. The mole there today is greatly inferior to the one the English destroyed at great pains. What is this "sovereignty" against which Krim and his tribesmen are "rebels"? To them it is a European invention, existing only as a hope in the minds of the French and Spanish. Under the guise of "reestablishing" something which never existed, these rank outsiders mean to bring Morocco to their feet and her wealth into their pockets.



From *Ulk* (Berlin)

"Permit me to acquaint you with the blessings of civilization."

"Thanks; and permit me to pay you back."

Abd-el-Krim's reasoning is clear enough. A sultan who owes his throne to the infidels, and acts as a mere lieutenant under their orders, is no sultan at all in the historic sense. It is bad enough for him to claim the privileges of a sultan, though perhaps not a matter to fight over; but when he

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goes further, claiming things for himself, and for the infidels and foreigners who exercise power through him, to which even a true sultan would not be entitled, it is not to be tolerated. Krim scoffs at any "treaty rights" of France and Spain to toss boundary stones to and fro in a Moorish country. On what do such rights rest but force? Why, then, were not the French immediately ejected when they invaded the Ouergha Valley in 1924? Why did Krim temporize, and even make tentative moves toward negotiation? Because, he says, he was not quite through with the Spaniards, and did not want a bloody war if it could be avoided. The moment his hands were free, he first warned the French that their advance was an act of war if persisted in, and then attacked them.

Is there any middle ground of "truth" and "justice" between these two logical but apparently irreconcilable views of the case; or are both correct, and force the only arbiter? The French say Krim could have avoided war by not opposing their occupation of the disputed territory. Krim retorts that France could have avoided war even more easily by refraining from advancing her lines. To this, the French answer that Krim, puffed up by his victories over the Spanish and his capture of Raisuli, was getting ready to attack them anyway—that their only protection was an offensive-defensive. There are cynical people who say frankly that the real reason why first the Spanish and then the French avoided negotiation is that they mistook the other route for a shorter and easier one. No one who has seen this bitter warfare, or has any idea of its cost in every way, can doubt that somebody blundered. For one thing, Islam is awake as it has not been for fifty years, and the time has gone by when a handful of Europeans can hold a Mohammedan country. For another, Krim is not a Raisuli, and nobody has had any luck at buying him.

After all that has happened to French prestige, the average Frenchman resident in Morocco sees only one palatable solution: to crush the Riffians at whatever cost. Perhaps he overestimates the moral damage which must somehow be salvaged and repaired. As a rule, he admits the difficulty of getting French regiments sent here. Those men have parents and relatives with political influence. Then there is the enormous cost of a war to the bitter end in a wild country. Moreover, such a conquest would profit the Spaniards far more than it would the French, as most of the Riffian lands are in the Spanish zone.

Here is the real rub, after all: the relations between France and Spain. Save Tangier, which is international, Spain has all the good port sites in the North. Moreover, the Spanish Rio de Oro, between Morocco and Senegal, blocks France's way to a real consolidation of her empire in West Africa. One French paper here in Morocco has been harping on the theme that France defended her African empire on the Rhine, and must now protect her Rhine frontier by means of her African empire. That view brings up the enormous question of French man-power for war, to solve which a long and stony road is yet to be traveled, with Spanish toll gates at every mile.

Is Spain, then, the villain in the piece? On the contrary, though it has received poor and insufficient publicity outside, she has a perfectly logical case. Being a weak country, served by poor diplomats, she got rather cheated in the scramble for Morocco, considering the age and strength of her claims. When England and France made their agreement in 1904—which turned out later to have secret stipulations—it was understood that France must pay off Spain. This she proceeded to do very cheaply, on the basis of an old secret agreement of 1902. The Spaniards were wild with grief and rage when they discovered that they could have had much more by asking for it. Their later disasters were due both to their industrial backwardness and to the difficulty of organizing, or even pacifying, such a country. Moreover, it is very likely that the French authorities were easy-going and careless about the arms traffic. Whether or not it was originally the fault of the French that Krim got so good a start, the fact remains that France is now suffering terribly because of material which the Riffians were able to capture from the Spanish.

There are few places in the world where the "civilized" methods of making war give so little advantage. Artillery shells are of small use against a scattered and hidden enemy. Expensive airplane bombs are comparatively useless for similar reasons, and it is particularly difficult to fly in a dry mountain country, with few landing places and the air full of "bumps." Of course, there remains poison gas. The one question which I have been asked oftener than any other concerns America's attitude toward the use of asphyxiants on the Riffian tribesmen.

The International Ph.D.'s

By PAUL HUTCHINSON

THERE were three dramatic moments during the initial session of the Institute of Pacific Relations held last month in Honolulu. The first came after L. T. Chen, of the Chinese group, had told the story of the recent Shanghai riots at a general forum. Chen is a national Y. M. C. A. secretary in China. Urbane, rotund, accustomed to getting along with foreigners as well as his own countrymen, he is anything but the type from whom to expect explosive talk. Yet he exploded.

It happened this way. He had reported the riots in much the terms now familiar to the readers of this paper. And he came out where all Chinese inevitably do come out these days—at the treaties. There is the foreign tariff control, and there is extraterritoriality. These monstrous invasions of China's sovereignty have been seized by the foreigners at the point of the gun. Now China is determined to get rid of them, at the price of international disorder, if necessary.

No sooner had Chen finished than the international Ph.D.'s were on their feet. The Institute of Pacific Relations was full of international Ph.D.'s. They sympathized with China. In fact, they sympathized with everybody. They hoped that there would soon be an end to extraterritoriality and foreign tariff control and all similar abominations. They indorsed the entire list of Chinese demands—in principle. But—did not China understand that the Washington Conference had disposed of all these matters? And that the other nations had been waiting palpitant for four years, listening for China to say that she would be willing to have them do away with these injustices? And that really the other nations could do nothing until China herself had cleared the way?

Then Chen stood up again. Quiet Chen; rotund Chen; urbane Chen. And this is what he said:

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I quite understand that you do not intend to give up your unjust privileges in China if you can help it. After you have insisted that we treat you as demi-gods for almost a century, you do not like to be asked to step down on the plane of ordinary mortals. But let me tell you this: those unequal treaties have got to go! Turkey got rid of her capitulations. China has seen how she did it. China knows now how to obtain attention from the other nations. The Shanghai riots were only the first whisper of what is to come. The day of the foreign demi-god in my country is over.

Thus Chen, and he a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Our second dramatic moment at Honolulu came when Chester Rowell had finished trying to explain to the Oriental why America must close her doors in order to save her soul. He is a liberal of the Bull Moose variety. He is rumored to have received a million dollars for his Fresno *Republican* a few years ago, but he remains a liberal. Rowell can explain anything on earth—the Abrams diagnosing machine; relativity; Hiram Johnson. At the moment he was explaining to the institute the high moral principle that really underlies the present American immigration act. The white and yellow races cannot mix physically while popular psychology remains what it is, ran the explanation. When nations which cannot mix are brought together one is bound to impose its will on the other. That leads to caste. The only possible outcome if Orientals keep coming into the United States will be a caste system. That would mean an end of all normal social contacts—such as the Institute of Pacific Relations. It would become as impossible for a white man to sit in ordinary intercourse with a yellow man as it now is to do so with a black man. Hence, to keep on terms of decency with the yellow man, the white man must shut him out.

The man who stood up this time was Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi. Mr. Tsurumi, like Mr. Chen, is urbane. He has a baron for a father-in-law. He has been *persona grata* on the carefully sterilized program at Williamstown. He even figures occasionally in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has been presenting the Japanese case in the United States for more than a year. Not, you will again notice, the kind of man from whom fireworks might be expected.

"Mr. Rowell," asked Mr. Tsurumi, "is this American psychology which you have described permanent or temporary?"

"It will last for at least this generation and the next," said Mr. Rowell.

"Is this aversion to other races true of all the whites, or is it a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxons?" the Japanese persisted.

"I can only speak with certainty of the Anglo-Saxons," Mr. Rowell answered, "but I suspect it is true of all. It grows out of the fear of intermarriage."

Then this demand: "Can I quote you?"

"Anywhere," said Mr. Rowell.

One more moment to remember from the first session of the institute. A different kind of Japanese produced this touch of drama. His name is Zumoto. He stands about five feet two inches high; his English diction is faultless, although it comes a bit slowly; his face consists of two parts, a pair of brown eyes full of hidden lights and a white beard which has grown just a bit longer than Horace Greeley's ever did, both combining to make a character who might have stepped out of a Japanese edition of Dickens. The chairman, President Wilbur of Stanford, had introduced him to this general audience on this particular evening as "the wise old man of the institute." The audience had applauded as though it believed the title deserved.

Here again was no firebrand. Mr. Zumoto is a Japanese liberal. For years he edited the *Herald of Asia*, that conspicuous liberal weekly in Tokio which was one of the most regrettable of the casualties of the earthquake. He has worked hard to reduce Japan's army and to tone down her navalism. He did more than his bit to get the Japanese troops out of Siberia. He believes in peace with America, and works for it unceasingly. He is no longer young; the smooth way is the natural way for him. But this is what he said:

The more I study the international situation in the Pacific the clearer becomes my vision that America is *par excellence* THE problem before the peoples of this great ocean. On any of the problems in which these Pacific nations are vitally interested—whether economic or financial, political or spiritual—the discussions at our round tables have shown that sooner or later we strike the ground rock of American viewpoints and American policies. Our further progress in our efforts for satisfactory solutions of these problems, therefore, depends altogether upon America.

That was the mood in which not only Japan but all the Orient went away from Honolulu. Peace in the Pacific? It's up to the United States.

This Institute of Pacific Relations came into being in a queer way. Nobody yet has been able to trace the development so as to explain why certain changes took place. It seems to have started with the conviction of a few men in Hawaii that there are other ways to approach the problems of peace in the Pacific than by the building of Singapore bases or the holding of Hawaiian grand maneuvers. Then the Y. M. C. A. took it up and began to build the structure of an international convention at Honolulu, the Pacific crossroads. Then the idea grew too big for the Y. M. C. A., with the result that various informal groups were formed in the countries about the Pacific to raise delegations in any manner they pleased to attend this first session. More than a hundred active members found their way to Honolulu for the first two weeks in July.

The queer ways in which the institute developed left their marks on the various national groups. The best men in the Chinese group, for example, bore the Y. M. C. A. stamp, although they also stood as representatives of the reform elements in the social and political life of their country. Japan, on the other hand, showed almost no marks of such an origin, but abounded in professors from imperial universities. New Zealand split, with a part of its delegation such as might have been sent to a Y. M. C. A. convention, a part ready for a gathering of international lawyers, a part from the political life of the Dominion. A curiously differentiated total group thus developed, but one not ill adapted to giving the informal cross-section of thought which the institute was seeking.

The American group was perhaps the most oddly assorted of all. It could not function as a group, because it was made up of individuals whose avenues of approach dif-

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fered totally. Informally, the Americans came to divide themselves into the "hard-boiled" and the "soft-boiled." There were a few of the four-minute variety in between, but it was not hard to see in which of the main classifications most of the Americans belonged.

The hardest of the hard-boiled were those who had, or thought they had, intimations of the thoughts, desires, and intents of the State Department at Washington. Chester Rowell told the institute that American policy in the Pacific has been under a specialized bureaucratic control, and that, with the public now awakening to the importance of that area, the day of a democratic Pacific policy has come. At Honolulu the hard-boiled were the members who were trying to convince the rest that everything done during the bureaucratic era has been good, and that the only wise policy for the new democratic era is to continue the policies of the past. For the kind of people whose minds work that way, "Don't embarrass the State Department!" is the vital slogan.

This first session of the institute did not accomplish much beyond dragging into the daylight the issues that really threaten the peace of the Pacific, showing on how meager a basis of actual knowledge most of the Pacific policies of all the nations are based, and placing its benediction on the proposal for future gatherings which may, perhaps, be devoted to finding the ways whereby public opinion in the countries bordering the Pacific may be rectified toward mutual respect and understanding. It is to be hoped for the future of the institute that there may be no more attempts at holding general sessions without the presence of members from Russia. The session this year was badly handicapped in this respect. There can be no good reason why the formulas of state departments should inflict such an unnecessary unreality on this informal gathering. If it seems wise to conduct official affairs as though no such country as Russia existed, so be it. But civilians, acting purely as individuals, might as well not try to discover the basic facts in the Pacific situation if they must leave Russia out of account.

In the Driftway

CERTAIN persons, of whom the Drifter is not one, seem to be vastly concerned about present-day morals. They gasp when they walk the streets and observe their fellowmen and women; they shudder at the goings on among the young; they roll their eyes at what they see added to a woman's face and subtracted from the rest of her person; they declare that the world is rapidly sliding down a greased path to eternal and horrifying damnation. To them the Drifter can recommend a book he has been reading; they might use it as their bible and quote it on every occasion, for it fits the situation remarkably well. Take, for example, the following as a description of the modern woman:

> They are well-dressed, fond of taking it easy, and commonly leave the care of household matters and drudgery to their servants. . . . In all banquets and feasts they are shown the greatest honor; they are placed at the upper end of the table, where they are first served. . . . All the rest of their time they employ in walking and riding, in playing at cards or otherwise, conversing with their equals . . . and their neighbors and making merry with them . . . and all this with the permission and knowledge of their husbands. . . .

THIS was not intended, however, as a picture of the twentieth-century female irresponsible. It was written by a worthy Dutchman of Englishwomen in the sixteenth century. At the same time Erasmus was urging a friend to make a journey to England where he would find

> . . . girls with Angels' faces, and so kind and obliging. . . . Besides there is a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. Whenever you come, you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave, you are dismissed with kisses; when you return, kisses are repeated. . . . Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses.

If a philosopher and a man of letters could write so ardently of what in these modern days is more vaguely termed "petting"—but then possibly Erasmus had not had a careful mother. If he approved of Englishwomen and their ways there were those who did not. A certain Puritan gentleman named Stubbes was much more disturbed. Why, he asked the ladies, did they want "to chaunge their natural face for a painted face, which thou hast made thyself? If thou beest faire, why paintest thou thyself? . . . and if thou be not faire, why doost thou hypocrittically desire to seeme faire?" He, with Thomas Nash, bemoaned the "aged mothers" with "their cheeks sugar-candied and cherry blusht so sweetly," and with "nosegays of yeolow haire on their furious foreheads." These remarks have, somehow, a familiar ring.

* * * * *

IT was evident that these ladies had minds of their own, for it is not on record that the Stubbeses or the Nashes made them mend their ways. And the Drifter is glad, for the honor of the male sex, to record that at least one gentleman gave them credit for intellect as well as beauty. Sir Anthony Cooke, who was not only a famous scholar but tutor to Edward VI, brought up his daughters to believe that "sexes as well as souls are equal in capacity." What he taught the royal pupil he taught his daughters also, and the lessons included Greek and Latin and other things which females are supposed to find difficult. Whether it was because of this early training that later he found himself grandfather of Sir Robert Cecil and Francis Bacon the Drifter would not attempt to say for certain. He offers these quotations and the book they were taken from* for what they are worth and invites his readers to make their own deductions according to their prejudices.

THE DRIFTER

* "Society Women of Shakespeare's Time." By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Loony

A Modern Movie

by Robert L. Wolf

in next week's issue of *The Nation*

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Correspondence

Class Justice in Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 3 Mr. Louis Fischer says that "Hitler spent six months in a palace prison and was then released."

I was in prison at Sandberg a.S. thirteen months in all. A special decree on April 1, 1924, deprived me of all previous privileges. All privileges theretofore granted the prisoner were either abridged or wiped out. Count Arco was still benefited by these alleviations.

Uffing, June 28 ADOLF HITLER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the face of appalling difficulties the sound core of the German people has been working for years to restore honest government, to revive generally those virtues which we Americans at home regard as the *sine qua non* for every orderly, self-respecting commonwealth. Encouraging progress has been made despite bitter opposition, on the one hand, from war-profiteers and certain groups of financial and industrial interests whose idea of liberty is the liberty to make money in any way they please; on the other hand, against the opposition of those interesting persons who, ignorant of political history and psychology, believe it possible to establish a government which shall not be, in their jargon, a "class government."

Such progress has been made also in the face of a continuing aspersion by most of the American press of the deeds and motives of those that achieved it. In this campaign Germany has been measured with false measures and with double standards.

A striking instance of all this is Louis Fischer's article from Berlin in *The Nation* of June 3. Once more E. J. Gumbel and his "painfully exact and detailed book" about "Four Years of Political Murder" are wheeled up into position to discredit the present efficient and honest government of Germany. Four weeks after Mr. Fischer wrote, the philosophical faculty of the University of Heidelberg, to which Gumbel belongs, attested of him, with but a single dissenting vote, that his personality gives the impression of "a pronounced demagogic nature," and that "in his political activities not the slightest trace of scientific qualities is to be found. On the contrary, along with a very low intellectual niveau objectively and stylistically, a complete lack of objectivity is his most prominent characteristic." I note in passing that despite this bitter condemnation it was decided that the principle of academic liberty required that Gumbel retain his post—an example that ought to shame most American university authorities.

Mr. Fischer complains that the leaders of the Munich soviet regime were more severely punished than the leaders of the Kapp Putsch. Does he know nothing about the brutal butcheries carried out by and at the orders of these men in cold blood, and that the only victims of the Kapp Putsch fell under circumstances which, even if they had been committed by a private individual, would, under Germany's humane penal code, make of them merely manslaughter in low degree, punishable with very light sentences? I would rather go through a dozen Putsche from the Right than one from the Left.

"The German republic has never proclaimed a general amnesty," complains Mr. Fischer, and while he wrote the draft of an amnesty bill was under consideration. And when did the American republic proclaim a general amnesty? "In republican Germany political prisoners receive no privileged treatment." What sort of treatment do they receive in republican America?

I have never belonged, except for a very brief period in 1918, to the great and ungoodly company of anti-bolshevist liars. The Russian experiment interests me, although I regard it as preposterous, and I would like to see it worked out, but I object to basing attacks on Germany on bolshevist sources and on caricatures from the *Pravda*. Let us have fair play.

Berlin, June 23 S. MILES BOUTON

[*The Nation* has received several letters protesting against Mr. Fischer's Class Justice in Germany. Most of them, we believe, derive from a too intense loyalty. Germany has been maligned; *ergo*, all criticism is unjustified. A similar psychology reigns among some of the friends of Soviet Russia. We believe that Mr. Fischer's allegations—excepting one or two minor errors—withstand criticism. In particular we should like to pay our tribute to E. J. Gumbel, to whom both Messrs. Bouton and Fischer refer. We are familiar with his work and with the contemptible action of his colleagues on the Heidelberg faculty. They did not attempt to disprove his charges; and they felt forced to admit that "he believes in his cause, pacifism, and in his mission. Passionately and full of hate he opposes whatever appears to him as force, nationalism, or promotion of a future war. Where this idealism is concerned, he has courage—not only the courage to say what he thinks but the courage to risk his life." Yet for political reasons these professors—as irrationally as the famous ninety-three of 1914—called Gumbel an unscientific demagogue. In so doing they were a disgrace to Germany and to scholarship.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Do the People Realize?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The two main purposes of Wall Street are to put securities up to unreasonably high prices and unload them on the public and then to regain these securities at the lowest possible prices. At the present time the public are the holders of more of Wall Street's wares than ever before. This is always the case when stocks are selling at high prices. The heavy speculation of the past few months has been in public utility and railroad stocks. Great super-power systems are in the making, to the end that eventually there will be few but enormous corporations supplying electric power to the public.

The moving factor in this linking into a few super-power systems all of the present public utilities is the Electric Bond and Share Company, the stock of which was recently distributed share for share to the stockholders of the General Electric Company. This means that the ownership of Electric Bond and Share is still with the stockholders of the General Electric, which is the dominating influence in this whole super-power undertaking. This is the reason why General Electric stock is selling, including the Electric Bond and Share gift, at around $325 per share—at a time when the company is showing earnings of only about $20 and paying dividends of only $13 per share.

Two recent incidents may be cited as showing the inflated prices which are being paid for existing public-utility companies. It is these inflated values which should be of vital interest to the people, for it will be on overcapitalization of these inflated values that the various State public-utility commissions will be asked to base rates for current that the people will have to pay, and the rates asked for will have to be high enough to show large earnings on the capital supposed to be invested.

The report was published a few days ago that Stone and Webster had purchased the Gould controlling interest in the Virginia Railway and Power Company, presumably acting, as far as the power property is concerned, for the Electric Bond and Share Company. The price paid was not stated, but it is generally understood to have been not far from $140 per share. This for a stock which before the rumors of this consolidation

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were started had never sold above $75 per share and whose average selling price had been around $40. By the time this stock's equivalent is passed on to the public the price will be at least $200 per share. It is on just such inflated values that rates will be applied for, thus making the cost of electric current higher than it ought to be.

The other incident is the acquisition by the Electric Power and Light Company (a corporation under the supervision of the Electric Bond and Share Company) of the Utah Securities Corporation, which owned the Utah Power and Light Company. The payment for each share of the Utah Securities Company stock was $10 in cash and four shares of the common stock of the Electric Power and Light Company. At the time of the announcement of this offer Utah Securities was selling around $70 per share. The highest previous price that this stock ever sold at was $46 in 1924, and in 1923 this stock sold as low as $14 per share. The common stock of Electric Power and Light was on this announcement selling around $17 per share. Subsequently Utah Securities sold at $157 per share and Electric Power and Light at $37.

Wall Street knows that nothing inflames the public and makes them buy stocks as does merger talk, and the above is a typical example of unloading on the public securities at high prices. Thus the public utilities are starting on the same career the railroads have followed for thirty years, and are playing into the hands of the Wall Street bankers.

The St. Paul receivership is the direct result of the Wall Street bankers' pyramiding methods of financing. Whenever a railroad had to bring out a refunding bond through some Wall Street banking house there was an 8 to 12 per cent loss. Take a refunding operation. A new bond is offered to take up the maturing bond. These new bonds are offered to the public at prices ranging from $92 to $96 per $100 of bond. Out of these prices the bankers collect their commission of $3 to $5. Thus the railroad company receives a net amount of $88 to $92, and assumes therefor an obligation to pay $100.

This refunding process is repeated until the railroad is staggering under a capital structure that it is impossible to pay interest on. If this vicious method is continued sooner or later every railroad of the country will have to go through receivership just as they have been doing for the past thirty years, and this is mainly due to the financing methods of the Wall Street bankers. It is on a receivership and consequent reorganization of a railroad that these Wall Street bankers clean up millions from a railroad they have already milked dry on refunding operations.

Take such comparatively recent examples as the Wabash and Missouri Pacific. When these railroads broke under the load of pyramided refunding operations their respective stocks were selling for a few dollars per share. These two roads were reorganized, their capital structure scaled down, and the stockholders assessed. Now these stocks, counting the assessment, are selling at double and treble the receivership prices and the public are again buying them.

When the St. Paul stocks were recently selling at their lowest price of $3.50 per share for the common and $7 for the preferred, it was stated that the big Wall Street banks were the buyers. Of course they were. Who else would buy them? These bankers know what they are going to do with the St. Paul. It will be just the same as they have been doing with railroad receiverships for the past generation.

The result of all these Wall Street methods of financing is terrific overcapitalization, and it is on such inflated capital that rates are applied for which the public will have to pay.

These Wall Street bankers are a clever lot. At present they are passing on to the public these securities—these already inflated securities—at high prices, in this way hoping the public, being the temporary owners of these corporations who will be seeking rates from the public utility commissions, will be favorable to high rates and the contemplated mergers and consolidations.

When all the mergers have been completed, and all the noise and excitement about them have passed, these Wall Street bankers will take back unto themselves these same securities at prices $30 to $100 per share less.

Springfield, Massachusetts, July 10 E. L. THOMPSON

Stephen Jumel and Betsy Bowen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your criticism of "Lives and Times," by Meade Minnigerode, in the August 12 issue of *The Nation*, I feel a guilty sense of personal responsibility for an injustice to the "bedizened adventuress Betsy Bowen" in the matter of the disposition by Stephen Jumel of his wealth, which is a reflection of my uncharitable attitude toward the lady in my book, "Jumel Mansion," Houghton Mifflin, 1916, from which Mr. Minnigerode drew for his facts.

The transfer of the titles on Washington Heights, under a power of attorney given by Stephen Jumel for another purpose, was not to dispossess him of his property but to forestall the French heirs, in case of his death—with or without a will—from stepping in to inherit. Her attorney in the transfers was Alexander Hamilton, 2d, who was one of the parties named in the deeds, and was not consciously a party to any legal wrongdoing. In 1834, when the transfers were completed, his client had married again and the name of "Alexander Hamilton" appears on the deed with that of "Eliza B. Burr, wife of Aaron Burr."

In January, 1834, Aaron Burr was a social and not a legal adviser of the lady, or perhaps by that time he was no adviser at all. Like many a husband before and since he got on more smoothly with his fiancée than with his wife.

New York, August 8 WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON,
Curator, Jumel Mansion

The Science League's Purpose

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his excellent and timely article in *The Nation* of July 22, Mr. Rollin Lynde Harte says: "We have a Science League in America to fight its 'monkey bills.' But we have as yet failed to combat its underlying policy by founding a League to Maintain the Separation of Church and State."

This statement is somewhat in error, since the Science League of America itself has for one of its objects (Constitution, Sec. 2, Art. 3) "to combat any attempt, under whatever guise, to reunite church and state." Since the founding of the Science League last September we have mailed circulars to more than 40,000 educators, publicists, scientists, editors, and other molders of public opinion, calling attention to the attempt of the fundamentalists to override the letter and spirit of national and State constitutions relative to complete separation of church and state.

San Francisco, July 25 MAYNARD SHIPLEY,
President, Science League of America

Your Winter Problems

If you want to rent a house or an apartment or if you have one to rent—or sell, advertise in the classified section of *The Nation*, read by desirable landlords and tenants. Rates on application. Special three-time rate. Dept. Y. W. P., *The Nation*.

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Books

Mr. Pope

By ALLEN TATE

When Alexander Pope strolled in the city,
Strict was the glint of pearl and gold sedans;
Ladies leaned out—more out of fear than pity,
And Pope's tight back was rather a goat's than man's.

Often one thinks the urn should have more bones
Than skeletons provide for speedy dust;
The urn gets hollow, cobwebs brittle as stones
Weave to the funeral shell a frivolous rust.

And he who dribbled couplets like a snake
Coiled to a lithe precision in the sun
Is missing. The jar is empty; you may break
It only to find that Mr. Pope is gone.

What requisitions of a verity
Prompted the rage and wit between his teeth
One cannot say. Around a crooked tree
A moral climbs whose name should be a wreath.

First Glance

THERE seems to be significance in the fact that seventeen of the fifty-six tales which Mr. Galsworthy has collected into "Caravan" (Scribner: $2.50) close with a death. In each case, of course, the death is perfectly handled; and had Swithin Forsyte, for instance, been the only person in the book to die the suspicion might have arisen in no reader's mind that Mr. Galsworthy is particularly fond of last breaths. But it now appears that he is, and the cause, furthermore, appears to have a connection with the spirit in which he approaches his art. He devotes a sentence to that art in his preface: "As the untaught spider spins his delicate rose-window and assures it against wind and rain by sheer adjustment—not a thread too many or too few—so let us writers of short tales try to spin out of our own instinct and vision the round and threaded marvel." This sentence, which is almost too well written, helps to explain how one can be cloyed by seven hundred and fifty pages of flawless story-telling, how one can begin to feel not so much that something is being told as that something is being spun. Instead of lives and times one gets round and threaded marvels. Hence, perhaps, Mr. Galsworthy's predilection for death-beds. Wishing to spin well, he chooses for his final thread the darkest thread of all. It makes an admirable border—one into which all previous patches of gold or azure shade—and leaves no doubt that an end of some kind has been altogether achieved.

Any reader of "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" will remember the bit of thistledown which palpitated more and more feebly upon Jolyon's mustache until it lay motionless at last. A great touch, one doubtless said. Yet a number of such touches in "Caravan," coming so closely together, awake the fear that in drawing the death of his most likable character Mr. Galsworthy added one small drop too much of the tincture of artifice. It is a wine-glass which tells, or seems to tell, that Swithin Forsyte is dead: "Slowly in the glass a last bubble rose and burst." The last thought of Sir Arthur Hirries, in "Timber," "drifted out like his cigar smoke into the sleet." And over the grave of Pasiance Pearse, in "A Man of Devon," there is the scent of fallen leaves.

All of this is not to say that Mr. Galsworthy's fiction is without the substance of life. Life in some terms is always with him, for he is as honest as he is clever. It is only to point out that in an author's repetitions lie the clues to his limitations. Mr. Galsworthy's vision—to come to more important matters—is limited to three phenomena, which with a velvet monotony he has repeated throughout his novels and his tales. There is the fact for him of the man who, faced more or less suddenly with the insufficiency of the world, must stand rooted in his own despair, must be henceforth a dumb if sensitive observer of discrepancies, anomalies, and injustices which he at least is never to resolve. He is everywhere in Mr. Galsworthy. There is the second fact of the woman—June Forsyte is an instance, but there are many others, and they are remarkably alike—who solves the riddle by ignoring it and being only beautiful, soft, and darkly, inexplicably passionate. There is the third fact of the fleshly old gentleman—Sylvanus Heythorp, Old Jolyon Forsyte—who asks no questions and offers no answers, but eats or drinks or loves his life to a positive, if sometimes brutal, conclusion. Beyond these Mr. Galsworthy has not gone, nor perhaps has needed to go. Since they are the things he can say best, he has said them often. Has he said them too often? "Caravan" is unique among his books in suggesting that he has.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Long Story of Oxford

A History of the University of Oxford. By Charles Edward Mallet. Vol. I. *The Mediaeval University and the Colleges Founded in the Middle Ages.* Vol. II. *The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* Longmans, Green and Company. $15.

THIS is the first instalment of what promises to be, at least for a long time to come, the definitive history of Oxford University and its colleges. The two volumes now published bring the story down to about the time of the accession of William III, in 1689; a third and final volume will cover the remaining interval until the World War. The treatment of the subject presents a peculiar difficulty, as Mr. Mallet points out, in the fact that while the history of the university, as distinct from that of the colleges, is both a separate and a continuous topic, it is not one in whose treatment the colleges can be ignored; at the same time that the history of any one of the colleges, if traced separately over any considerable period, is likely to run ahead of the corresponding history of the university. Mr. Mallet has risked the latter disadvantage as the lesser of the two evils, and it must be said that he has succeeded in giving a marked impression of unity to events which in themselves offer much that is diverse. To say that the work is a monument of learning is to use a hackneyed phrase, but the exhaustive research and massive documentation which Mr. Mallet's pages display go far beyond the modest claims of the preface, and give to his volumes a high place among recent products of British historical scholarship.

Mr. Mallet suggests, as one reason for undertaking the work, that the history of the university has been, until comparatively recent years, somewhat neglected. Something of

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the neglect is doubtless due to the elaborate difficulty of the subject, but it is nevertheless remarkable because the history of Oxford and its colleges is, after all, a cross-section of the history of England and its people. Without being, in the American use of the term, a state institution, this most famous of the world's seats of learning has not failed to be affected, deeply more often than superficially, it would seem, by every great political, religious, or intellectual experience that has hindered, distracted, or set forward the English nation. What Mr. Mallett has written, accordingly—and written, it should be said, with much charm of style as well as with veritable prodigality of detail—has both particular and general interest. From the twilight years of origins, when the medieval idea of a university was developing, corporate character emerging, and the content and method of intellectual life irregularly taking shape, on through the coming of the friars and the dominance of the Schoolmen; then the founding of the earliest colleges, University, Balliol, and Merton; the curious evolution of academic organization, teaching methods, and student life; the later Schoolmen of the fourteenth century and the newer colleges of Exeter, Oriel, Lincoln, and All Souls': all this was little more than the ordered intellectual side of a national history which witnessed at the same time the consolidation of the monarchy, the constitutional development of Parliament, the expansion of trade and wealth, and the military and diplomatic struggles for a place of European leadership.

So it was, too, after the Middle Ages had been left behind. The period of the Tudors and the Protestant revolt both found and made Oxford a storm-center in politics and theology, those two great British intellectual interests not yet wholly separated; but it also saw the addition of Corpus Christi, Brasenose, Trinity, and other colleges to the educational group and a broadening of the Oxford intellectual influence. Before the Civil War submerged the university the Bodleian Library and various lesser colleges and halls had been established, to share with the older foundations in the checkered experiences of recovery and enlargement under the later Stuarts. Tell the story as one may, it is the story of England, all of which Oxford saw and an integral part of which it may throughout claim to have been.

There is no space to linger over the long list of scholars who were identified with Oxford during the five centuries and more of which these volumes treat. Roger Bacon easily tops the period of the friars, as does Wycliffe that of the Schoolmen. The reign of Henry VII brought the awakening of Greek studies under Grocyn, Linacre, and Colet, and the wider humanism of which Thomas More and Erasmus were the most distinguished Oxford exponents. Wolsey, Pole, Cranmer, and Laud combined statecraft with learning, while to Wolsey is to be credited a large work of building and reorganization. To the life and times of Anthony Wood, whose labors in the preservation of Oxford history have made him immortal notwithstanding the ill-will that clouded his end, Mr. Mallet devotes an entire chapter.

No more then than now, however, was Oxford a place where everybody was absorbed in learning or practiced seriousness as a habit, and the reader who cares less for the story of political or theological controversy or the evolution of schemes of studies than for the history of manners and customs will find special interest in the chapters in which Mr. Mallet describes the academic life of the university and the ways of teachers and students. One gathers that Oxford and its colleges had often quite as much concern with the world, the flesh, and the devil as with things of the mind or the state. Lawlessness, hard drinking, fights of town and gown, and easy morals were evils which elaborate regulations struggled meticulously to check; tutors, professors, and fellows needed prodding to keep them at their work, and attempts to enforce conversation in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew met with only qualified success. There is much to remind one of present-day educational procedure in the repeated tinkering of the courses of study and the efforts to engraft upon the time-honored foundation of classics, mathematics, and philosophy subjects which even then seemed modern "sides." Here, again, Oxford was England in little. It was not and could not be a place apart. Its fortunes were tied to the fortunes of the state, and as men lived outside the gates, so students lived within them or about them. It is to Mr. Mallet's credit that, with all his painstaking elucidation of details, he has shown us Oxford in its setting at this point as at others.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Concerning Crime

Vultures of the Dark. By Richard E. Enright. Brentano's. $2.
Murder and Its Motives. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.
Keys to Crookdom. By George C. Henderson. D. Appleton and Company. $3.
Reformatory Reform. By Isaac G. Briggs. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THESE books make a dish gruesome enough for any appetite. From the sprightly incidents of Mr. Enright's detective story (Mr. Enright is the Commissioner of Police of New York City) one steps down into the caverns of murder and an analysis of its motives. From this one branches out into the passages leading to all crookdom, and finally ends up in a reformatory to which criminals are sent after they have been caught by the police. We thus range over a wide field. The journey would be more entertaining if the books were better.

It is Commissioner Enright's daily job to throw a scare into the criminals of New York City. He also herds pedestrians on street corners until traffic lights change color. As an adventuring author he takes rank at once with the most distinguished prose writers of Mayor Hylan's cabinet. In that select company, whose leader gave to the world the phrase "art artists," he sits proudly. Who cannot feel the "needle-pointed downpour of sheeted rain" both pricking his own timid cheeks and, at the same time, comfortably swathing him in its folds? Fifth Avenue is graphically pictured as "stretching its lancelike length in mirrored sheen." But the heavy-browed guardian of New York City's safety outdoes himself when he describes a patrolman making his nightly rounds "lest some bird of prey find crevice or cranny into which to insert the thin, fine edge of an incipient felony." To such English there is no resistance. Mr. Enright has a surprising fertility in inventing scenes, and the story is not a flagrant eulogy of the New York Police Department. But it could have been written by a smart reporter for the Hearst newspapers, and it does not add to the fame of a capturer of criminals in a great city.

"Murder and Its Motives" is a wholly different kind of book. It is an attempt to delve into the secret processes of the murderer's mind. Miss Jesse classifies the motives that impel the murderer. She finds that there are six categories: murder for gain, murder for revenge, murder for elimination, murder from jealousy, murder from lust of killing, and murder from conviction. These exhaust the list, she says, though two or more may overlap in the same act of killing. Having established these classifications, she proceeds to give gory examples of each. The only trouble is that her book purports to be a profound explanation of the psychology of murder. She really seems to think that her classifications are psychological explanations, revelations of the ways in which murderers are brought to the point of murder. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To say that a man committed murder from jealousy, or that he did so for gain, is no adequate explanation of his act. All of us have pangs of jealousy

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and all of us desire gain. But not all of us kill other people on these accounts; we express our impulses in other ways. Murder, like all crime, is the result of a more or less complex personality reacting to a particular set of circumstances. Take William Palmer. He killed several children and a few men and women in his time. Miss Jesse says he did this in order to gain money or to avoid losing it. But what was there about William Palmer that made him take human life in order to do what other men do by other means? Miss Jesse does not face this question. Upon the origins of Palmer's desire for gain, upon his miserliness of nature, fondness for gambling, and general slovenliness her account sheds no light. She has no materials for delving into his childhood and so she cannot explain the processes by which he became what he was; without these, an attempt to explain his adult conduct is not very successful. Miss Jesse has much to learn from the students of mental behavior. She has attempted to set down a series of psychological clinical notes, and what she has succeeded in doing is to furnish material for several rattling detective stories.

"Keys to Crookdom" is a hodge-podge of meaningless anecdotes about burglars, forgers, swindlers, safe-crackers, murderers, arsonists, automobile thieves, and all other kinds of criminals. Classifications of offenders on the basis of specific anti-social acts which they commit have little meaning. It is not uninteresting to learn that in criminals' argot a "moll-buzzer" is an offender who gets caught by talking to a woman. But what is to be thought of a book which contains this statement: "In the United States are 1,748,000 definite mental defectives"? The author would seem to be the combination of clairvoyant and alienist that the world has been waiting for.

"Reformatory Reform" is cut from different cloth. This is the best book of the four; and it is written by an ex-prisoner! Mr. Briggs was sent to a reformatory at the tender age of fifteen. He describes the daily routine of his prison existence, the companions he met there, the reformatory keepers, and the methods employed to make the boys into better men. The adverse criticism, in Mr. Briggs's book as in other descriptions of reformatory methods, is not so much of the harshness of the procedure used as of its stupidity. It does no good. It pays no attention to the cause of wrongdoing, so that when the prisoners come out of jail they come out, many of them, ready to resume their old lives.

WINTHROP D. LANE

The Earliest Feminists

Colonial Women of Affairs. By Elizabeth Anthony Dexter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THERE must be few to whom the picture here given of the colonial woman in her public activities will not come with a shock of surprise. We have, of course, long been aware of the importance of the domestic role that in a pioneering age devolved upon this woman; she not only shared her husband's toil of clearing the land and running the farm but also "carried on," as the author expresses it, "an appalling list of household industries, making clothes for the family out of wool or flax which she had raised, spun, dyed, and woven, brewing, baking, cooking, dipping, rearing, and . . . . educating a baker's dozen of children." What we were not prepared for was the fact that the contingencies as well as the tone and temper of pioneer life lured or thrust these efficient women into a wide range of commercial and social enterprises which they pursued with equal success and in many cases with marked distinction.

The feminist of today will find her prototype among these early forebears of ours in practically every business and profession then open to men. To be sure, excessive devotion to things of the mind was deplored. This is instanced in the case of the wife of the governor of Connecticut; Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts wrote of her that "she had fallen into a sad infirmity—the loss of her understanding and reason by occasion of giving herself wholly to writing and reading; whereas if she had not gone out of her way to meddle with such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits." Women not only were tavern-keepers, shopkeepers, school dames, artificers of every sort, nurses, and midwives (the last quite to the exclusion of the male practitioner for a long period); they were successful as organizers of new colonizing movements and proprietors of vast estates. Not infrequently a woman fell heir to her husband's business and carried it on admirably after his death. Some became distinguished printers and newspaper proprietors. Among these last, in 1735, was Widow Anne Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's sister-in-law, who with her two capable daughters continued her husband's business of "printer to the Colony of Rhode Island."

It is interesting to note instances in which women were the first to engage in important outside activities: Mistress Cornelia De Peyster's widowed granddaughter, a young business woman, ordered the first sidewalk in New York laid in front of her offices—the novelty attracting visitors from far and near. The first packet line between Europe and America was established by the widow De Vries of Staten Island; this so prospered that she became one of the richest women of Manhattan. A young Southern girl, Eliza Lucas, left for long periods by her military father in charge of his large plantation, perfected after patient experimentation the process of raising indigo. After her marriage this same energetic young woman developed a mid-eighteenth-century Montessori method of instructing her young son which, though later he called it "sad stuff," was extraordinarily prophetic of modern methods.

These few instances, selected from the many recorded here, confirm Dr. Dexter's conclusion that colonial women carried on their work—such work as it fell to their lot to do—"in a legal and social atmosphere of almost entire freedom." Perhaps we need not hesitate to grant her contention that the freedom which women enjoy today may be largely due to "the respect by society and the self-respect which the working women of an earlier day quietly and unconsciously won for themselves."

DORA W. KIRCHWEY

Woman's Work

Once in a Blue Moon. By Marion Strobel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Mirrors. By Margaret Tod Ritter. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

OF these two versifiers Miss Strobel is the less feeble. Even she, however, has little to show save a phrase here, a metaphor there, a helpless intention nearly everywhere. In either case one finds woman's work, in the invidious sense of the words. A limited horizon, a wistful moodiness, posing self-pity, unimaginative melodrama mark both volumes. Where thought is absent one looks for technical excellence, but neither Miss Strobel's free cadences nor Miss Ritter's endless sonnets are composed with notable skill.

The best of Miss Strobel's work is in such a pretty phrase as ". . . and the sun Falls in little sprays, to be picked by anyone." One or two of her lyrics to her baby suggest faintly the humorous charm of Mrs. Kilmer's poems about children. But even here she is capable of such pink ineptitudes as:

> How can I sing you a song?
> O my dear! O my sweet!
>
> How sing—with your hand upon
> My breast? O my dearest!

Words which a mother might conceivably mutter to her infant,

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but which should be reserved for that limited audience. The most finished of these pieces is Eight Months Old:

> Eight months ago, when you were born,
> You were a tiny thing and light.
> I was afraid to touch you much,
> Or hold you very tight.
>
> And then quite suddenly you grew
> Fast as a little willow sprig,
> And I was reassured—within
> My arms you felt so big.
>
> But oh, today you laughed at me,
> And stood alone and did not fall!
> And oh, I am afraid again—
> You are so small—so small.

Miss Ritter, though occasionally making a whimsical pirouette, prefers the grand manner, life with a capital L, beauty with a capital B, and the simulacra of anguish which are not infrequently fashioned by girls inexperienced in pain. Her opening sonnet is the least hysterical, as it is also the most evocative and quotable thing in the book:

> Deep-bosomed, stalwart-limbed, superbly made,
> Unconscious of her power and her grace,
> Accustomed to the blowzy wind's embrace,
> Magnificent, unlettered, unafraid,
> She guides her course past interlacing streams
> Striding the fields behind her ancient plow,
> Or halts beneath some blossoming, frail bough
> To rest her beast and give herself to dreams.
> Her eyes survey the road, the moor, the peat,
> With wide, untroubled gaze; she plays no part,
> No joys rise up to suffocate her heart
> Because a smile falls lightly at her feet.
> To one who comes for her at dusk, perchance,
> She lifts a brief, intoxicated glance.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Books in Brief

The Little Karoo. By Pauline Smith, with an introduction by Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Pauline Smith's simple but highly developed physical awareness gives these stories of the Little Karoo their remarkable faithfulness to external reality. She sees with such simplicity that her people, drawn entirely from the outside, seem to be inside out. She never intrudes, never even enters a room where a character lies sleeping, but stands apart too aloof to pause to enjoy personally the rose on a china cup or a little hand mirror rimmed with tiny shells. Her characters are the religious Dutch peasants of South Africa and she has given them such life that, to the reader, they have absolute permanence.

Young Mrs. Cruse. By Viola Meynell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

These stories, most of them of love, are subtly felt and formed, delicate and ironical. The characterization of both complex and simple women is presented by a method of implication which suggests the rich fulness of novels rather than stories. The result is satisfying—artistically and emotionally—with the exception of one short tale whose mechanics are not concealed with the skill of the others.

The Turn of a Day. By C. A. Dawson Scott. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

The story of Pamela Kerthewy, a Cornish peasant, and the two men who love her is a tragedy which takes place in twenty-four hours. The experiences related might easily have covered a period of twenty-four years. The brilliance and skill of handling which subjects the characters too obviously to the author's desire make the complete acceptance of the book impossible. One wonders why a novel which is so excellent in many ways is not better. But the beautiful Cornish dialect compensates for much and gives a rich, raw pigment to the book which blends with the countryside, with the fertile hills, the sound of a harsh brush on the hearth, and animals breathing in the darkness.

The Counterplot. By Hope Mirrlees. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Miss Mirrlees, who is as urbane as Sir Thomas Browne or Huysmans, writes as beautifully as Pater; and the rarefied world that she weaves like a canopy over the discordant, unrelated, irrelevant lives below has the imperishable fragrance of Pater's prose.

Der Gute Weg. Roman. Von Otto Flake. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

The Wilhelm Meister brand of novel. Almost solid dialogue, and this dialogue little but puzzled philosophizing. The Lehr- and Wanderjahre of Flake's restless Dutch hero lead through half a dozen love affairs and end with an intriguing disappearance. The Good Way, we learn, is the way of the heart, but we learn also that conscience only warns, never offers positive counsel; and since man cannot live by Thou Shalt Not's alone, he seems condemned to grope in darkness. But the strange book has flashes of illuminating epigram, vivid glimpses of post-war Germany, and a general tone of dejected earnestness which is appealing. It constitutes a really remarkable study of German mentality. . . . "Georg fand selbst, dass die Bücher, die sie in Deutschland schrieben, ihm nicht wohl taten; sie redeten darin unaufhörlich vom Geist, and dieser Geist war das Gegenteil von Tat oder er schrie nach ihr wie eine brünstige Stute nach dem Hengst."

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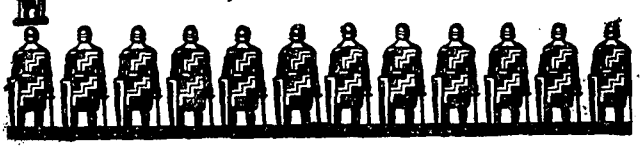

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International Relations Section

Horthy or Bethlen?

By EMERY DÉRI

ONE freezing February evening in 1920 the editor of the Social Democratic newspaper *Népszava*, Mr. Béla Somogyi, and one of his associates, Mr. Béla Bacsó, were kidnapped in the heart of the Hungarian capital. In a military automobile they were rushed to a country place about fifteen miles from Budapest, where they were murdered and their bodies thrown into the Danube River. In the long series of political murders during the last few years there has been none more dreadful than this. The murderers stabbed their victims to death, tore out their eyes, and mutilated the bodies before throwing them into the river. The crime startled the entire civilized world; organized labor ordered a boycott against Hungary, and even the Hungarian newspapers, though working under the pressure of a terrorist censorship, demanded the punishment of the persons involved. But the official investigation of the case stopped suddenly and the murderers have never been placed on trial.

The details of this case were not revealed until last May when a member of the Hungarian Parliament, Edmund Beniczky, who had been Minister of the Interior and supreme chief of police at the time the murder was committed, insisted on telling his story to a military court in Budapest. While these shattering exposures were being made Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, was in Geneva describing to the Council of the League of Nations the wonderful progress Hungary had made toward social and financial recovery. Beniczky testified that the murder of Béla Somogyi was committed on the direct command of Admiral Horthy; never before had the head of a European country been accused publicly and under oath of being the instigator of murder. Although the deep antagonism between the Hapsburgist Beniczky and Admiral Horthy is evident, there could be no doubt as to the truth of his accusations. He told all the details of the murder, published all the evidence, named prominent witnesses, who did not deny any of his charges. He not only named the five murderers, but related how his efforts to bring them to arrest were balked by Admiral Horthy himself. He testified that the Admiral on various occasions had given orders to his officers not to execute the political prisoners on the spot they were arrested but to bring them to his headquarters and "finish them there, giving him an opportunity to indulge his lust." He testified that the Chief of the Budapest Police reported to him that Horthy's headquarters managed the escape of the murderers. He testified that one of Horthy's Pretorians visited him in his office and advised him to keep his hands off the Somogyi case. There was a secret society, he was told, so powerful that they would murder even the Minister if he should try to bring the murderers to trial.

When Beniczky's bomb was thrown into the summer calm of political life in Hungary, when the head of the State had publicly been accused of being an accomplice of murderers, everyone expected the immediate return of the Prime Minister to Budapest. The chief of his Cabinet wired desperately to Geneva asking Count Bethlen to return and meanwhile to give instructions what to do. But the Hungarian Premier was not disturbed; nor did he leave Geneva to face the singular political situation created by Beniczky's exposures. When he left Budapest he knew that Beniczky would testify, he even knew the details of Beniczky's story. Weeks before, when the clash between the supporters of the Hapsburgs and friends of Horthy had become violent and the opposition made a new issue of the old Somogyi case, Mr. Beniczky proposed in the Parliament to reveal all he knew concerning this murder if he were released from his oath of office. Count Bethlen remained silent to this proposal. The parliamentary opposition tried in vain to force him into granting Beniczky's request: finally the release from his oath and the permission to testify came—on the day Count Bethlen took his leave for Geneva. Count Bethlen had read the documents marked "most confidential" concerning the Somogyi case, in the Ministry of Interior, so he knew almost word for word the story Beniczky would tell before the military court; and he knew, too, that Beniczky was not as anxious to have the murderers arrested as he was to make Horthy's position impossible and to force his resignation. So it was almost certain that Beniczky would give his story to the papers. Count Bethlen knew all about it in advance, and when Beniczky's story was published in the Legitimist daily, when everything was in an uproar and everybody was convinced that the last hour of Horthy's Regency had struck—the Hungarian Premier sat quietly in his suite at the Hotel Beaurivage in Geneva. He smilingly sipped his coffee when his secretaries brought him the latest telegrams from Budapest urging his return—and he remained. A deadly fight was going on between Horthy and the opposition, a fight with possibilities of revolutionary outbreaks from Right and Left; and Count Bethlen did not lift a finger to intervene in the situation.

In the absence of the Prime Minister all parties and factions decided to fight out their last battle. All the hidden political forces were lined up in new formations. The issue was no longer the murder of Béla Somogyi. There were new issues, more exciting, more important: Horthy or Hapsburg, Horthy or a new Regent in the Royal Palace. The opposition demanded the investigation of Beniczky's charges by a special committee composed of members of Parliament; this would have meant the political death of Admiral Horthy. The Legitimists of the Governmental Party, who are numerous, sympathized with Beniczky, but in the absence of Bethlen they could not decide on anything. The Liberals and Socialists led attacks of unprecedented violence against the Government; Parliament was in an uproar. Horthy raged and demanded satisfaction. In the Royal Palace, now occupied by the Admiral, long conferences were held. For a day it seemed that Horthy's position was impossible and a few saw a new Regent—perhaps Count Bethlen—in the Royal Palace.

But in the twenty-four hours that followed things took a new turn—unexpected, dramatic, improbable, impossible in any country pretending to preserve even the appearance of being ruled by a constitutional government. The first step the Government took was the confiscation of the newspaper which printed Beniczky's story. A few hours later the Government suspended further publication of the same paper. As a result of the secret conferences the plan of sending out a parliamentary commission to investigate Beniczky's charges was dropped. The murderers named by Beniczky were not arrested; but the police, on order of the

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Government, arrested the chief witness in the case, Beniczky himself, who has been indicted for "high treason and maligning Regent Horthy"—despite the law which explicitly prohibits the arrest of any member of Parliament without special legislative permission. Admiral Horthy triumphed; it was his way of solving political problems. It was certainly the easiest way—to arrest the man who testified under oath before a duly constituted tribunal that he knew the perpetrators of a murder, and to suppress a newspaper which had been bold enough to print that testimony.

So the storm was over. Admiral Horthy saved Hungary again by preventing it from getting rid of him. Though the situation was still tense, the fight was ended. And now, having closed his negotiations in Geneva, having testified before the League of Nations that law and the constitution rule a peaceful Hungary, Count Bethlen again appeared on the political scene. Refraining from any comment on the case, he came back from Geneva. He said that he had had to conclude those negotiations of international importance which he had started. He might, perhaps, have returned earlier and left unsolved the international problems of Europe had there been a chance for pushing Admiral Horthy aside. But as it was, he came back after the storm, smiling, reserved. The Count immediately held conferences with the leaders of the parties. First he saw those who wished the monarchy to be restored but with no Hapsburg on the throne, the so-called "free electors." Bethlen gave them to understand that Beniczky's testimony was an attack on *them*, led by the followers of the Hapsburgs. He gave them to understand also that they should shield Horthy, for while he was Regent the question of the restoration of the monarchy could not be taken up. It would not be opportune to bring Horthy to a fall until they knew who was to be his successor. The "free electors" went off satisfied and Bethlen started negotiations with the "Camelots du Roi," the Hapsburg-Legitimists. Bethlen rebuked them for "spoiling everything." Why, the "swimming master," the "sailor"—as they call the Admiral-Regent among themselves—would have resigned in short time, without this provocation by Beniczky. What do you want? he asked them. Do you want the swimming master to mobilize his Pretorian troops? Why not wait until he is replaced by a man who is a Legitimist himself and wants merely to hold the place for young Otto? Count Bethlen told them about certain secret conferences at Geneva in regard to the possibility of Otto's coming back. All he demanded was that they keep quiet. Not to make trouble for a short time. And, of course, to drop Beniczky—that troublemaker who could not keep his mouth shut. The Legitimists understood everything and went off equally satisfied.

So nothing happened in Hungary. Count Bethlen dismissed the Parliament for a vacation, which it well deserved. He was magnanimous: he permitted the publication of the suspended paper, under a new name, of course. The investigation in the Somogyi case was closed. None of the murderers was molested; if you go to Budapest you may meet any of them taking a nice, healthy afternoon walk on the "Corso." Peace and order in Hungary are restored by the statesmanship of Count Bethlen. The Council of the League of Nations is satisfied. Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Financial High Commissioner, is satisfied. Horthy is satisfied. Everybody is satisfied, with the exception of that man Beniczky, who is still in prison, dropped by his party, deserted by those who applauded him most. He is probably not quite satisfied. But he will get out—not only out of prison but out of the country, out of Europe, far away to America, where he has already sent his wife. And when he is here and has forgotten about Horthy and Bethlen, he, too, will be satisfied.

But there remain some people who are not satisfied with Count Bethlen's clever manipulations—the people of Hungary—the masses. About seven and a half million of them within the borders of the country and three million outside of it. They are dissatisfied. The toiling millions, paying unheard-of heavy taxes to satisfy Mr. Smith; the silent millions without a right to vote; the millions with an amazing total of suicides. They feel dissatisfied. But they are not asked for their opinion; and they have to keep their mouths shut even on sunny Sunday afternoons when they happen to be in the cemetery of Budapest and are permitted to see the grave of poor Béla Somogyi, tangled with green.

Contributors to This Issue

LEONARD CLINE contributed the article on Michigan to *The Nation's* series These United States. His first novel, "God Head," will be published this fall.

M. M. KNIGHT, now in Morocco as observer and correspondent at the front, has been assistant professor of history at Columbia University, specializing in French colonial government.

PAUL HUTCHINSON is managing editor of the *Christian Century*.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist of Tennessee, now living in New York.

EMERY DÉRI is a Hungarian newspaperman who is now editor of a Hungarian weekly in New York.

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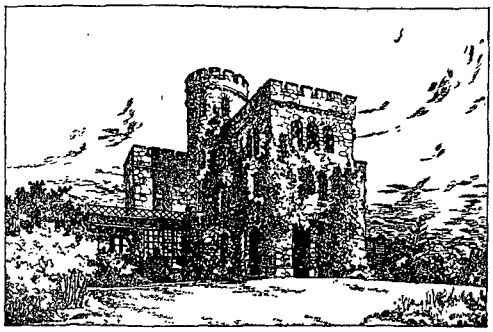

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